



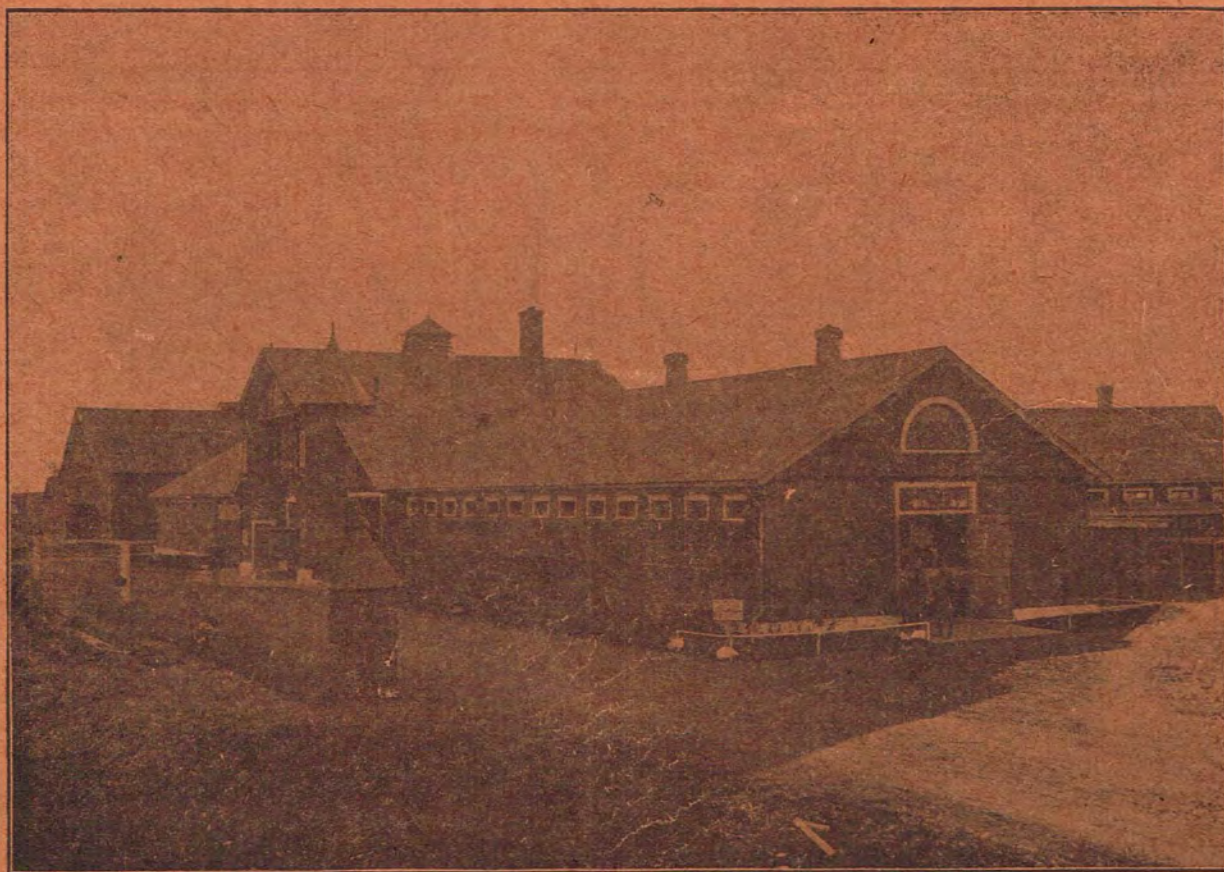
THE GOAT

Published Monthly, The Chronicles of "A" R.C.D. Price 10 cents.

Vol. I.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., April 17, 1923.

No. 2.



THE STABLES
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"When Omer twanged his blinking lyre,
'e made men weep on land and sea;
An' what 'e thought 'e might require,
'e went and took the same as me."

A Monthly Journal Published in Interests of "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

EDITOR—Q.M.S.I. A. M. Doyle (I.C.) R.C.D.

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Stenographer—Pte. V. B. D. Short, R.C.D.

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Cuttings from other papers must bear the name of the paper from which they are taken.

The Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que., April 17th, 1923.
With the Permission of Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

In this our 2nd issue it is our duty to register our thanks for the many congratulations and hearty expressions of good-will that have poured in from all sides as a result of our initial issue. Entirely unsolicited, they have brought us encouragement and help, and that they are appreciated will be proved by the renewed efforts on our part to grow and increase as the opportunity offer, until the "Goat" will have more than a local standing and rank high not only as a Unit paper but become one of the foremost Military Journals published in the Dominion.

Someone, sometime, in the long ago wrote, " 'Tis not in mortals to command success but I'll do more—deserve it." And so it will be with us. The clamor for copies by our comrades was pleasant music to our ears, it showed that our efforts were appreciated. The laughter and hearty hand shake of congratulation proffered from all ranks was ample reward for our labours. The frequent enquiries as to our next appearance was gratifying and the manner in which our advertisers expressed their wonder and satisfaction at our general appearance and contents was proof indisputable that, to use a slang expression, we had delivered the goods.

With justifiable pride we publish, in another column, extracts from the letters of a few of the many who were kind enough to voice their admiration and good will—to these and all others who showered bouquets upon us, we give our thanks.

This is also an opportune moment to pay tribute to those who assisted at our birth—our printers. They in no small measure were responsible for the instant success of the "Goat." It was they who clothed us and wet-nursed us through the awful pangs of a first issue. Their tolerance and assistance was of inestimable value to us, produced as we were under difficulties greater than is attendant upon a civilian production and so to them in turn we say "thank you."

The way of the Communist does not appear to be very rosy even in Glasgow. One has come to regard the workers of Glasgow and The Clyde area, generally, extreme in their views and set in their opinions, but reading an account of the recent Annual Conference of the Scottish Labour Party, the Socialist delegations were not admitted.

As a matter of fact when a vote was taken it was found that there were 4 votes to 1 against their admission.

The Italians and the Jugo-Slavs have at last ratified the Treaty of Rapallo. One more step toward peace and tranquility.

D'Annunzio does not appear to have been consulted nor were his former ravings heeded. The Treaty, in which both sides conceded something, is slightly in favour of the Italians, appears to have been as good a solution as possible to a difficult problem.

For the information of those of our readers who are now holding their heads over the Income Tax Returns, 1922, and are doubtlessly inclined to complain at the amount of taxes in this country, we publish the following figures, which speak for themselves. Here are the amounts per head, per annum, for three countries.

The United Kingdom.....	£16.12.0
France	£ 5.12.6
United States	£ 5.11.9

Income Taxes are direct and therefore more onerous, but those

which are paid indirectly are not generally given more than a passing thought.

In the above amount France and United States raise about half of the amounts per head by direct, and the remaining half indirect. The United Kingdom £10.10.0 is raised from direct sources.

Taxation in this country is not so high after all.

A very prominent figure in French politics of other days, has recently passed to his reward.

On the stage of European politics he played an inconspicuous, but most important role. His first appearance was during the Fashoda affair. A very difficult situation in which he showed the greatest tact and foresight. In 1904 he lead the formation of the Entente Cordiale. A firm believer in the Franco-Russian Alliance, he foresaw its limitations and set about creating an English and Italian understanding to offset its defects.

To call him a politician would be unfair, he was a statesman and an administrator as well.

We regret that owing to the large amount of material sent in by our contributors, we have been compelled to hold over some of the copy for the next number. This includes some verses by L. W. M., "Dreamy Daniel," and items for the "Last Post" and "Bran Mash" Columns.—The Editor.

HERE AND THERE.

As the result of the visit of Col. Piche, R.C.A.V.C., and Major Bowie, D.S.O., R.C.D., to Montreal and Sherbrooke the strength has been increased by the addition of 33 remounts. At present they are of a wild and woolly appearance but they are of a good Cavalry type. Of these, there are a transport team and one riding horse for "D" Coy. the R.C.R., Montreal, but, before being handed over to the tender mercies of the Infantry they will receive a lesson, in how to behave in a proper and soldierlike manner, from the R.C.D.'s. In spite of the cold weather and unavoidable delays in shipping arrangements, owing to the storms, all the horses arrived in excellent condition. Cpl. Sheehy has given them their final hair-cut and manicure, they are now getting acquainted with their riders and next week their training in the Riding School will commence, when we expect to see some of the "Screen Heroes" lose their reputations as rough-riders, and, incidentally increase the scope of the copy for "The Goat."

S/Sgt. Mauchan, R.C.E., is a busy man these days owing to the extensive work being carried out in barracks. The Station Hospital is undergoing repairs and being newly decorated.

The roof of the Cook-house is also undergoing well needed repairs. Sgt. Hannigan will not now be able to blame the roof if water gets into the men's soup.

The comfort of the horses and men is being looked after by the repairs being carried out on the Riding School roof, this has been a

long felt want. In rainy weather we will, now, be able to ride in comfort and not be compelled to dodge rain drops and pools of water from the leaks overhead.

Major W. A. Blue, P.L.D.G., late R.C.D., has very kindly offered his services to act as Our Correspondent at the Capitol City.

The Hunt Carnival held in Toronto on April 12th at the Royal Coliseum, Exhibition Grounds, under the auspices of the Toronto Hunt Club, was supervised by Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., R.C.D. This accounts for the show being such a huge success.

We are very pleased to hear from Toronto that Major-General Sir W. Dillon-Otter, K.C.B., etc., was keenly interested in our first issue of "The Goat."

A portly old gentleman gambolled into the Editorial "Holy of Holies" last week; judge our surprise on raising our eyes to behold Tommy How. He explained he had greatly inconvenienced himself by paying us a visit, and proceeded to dilate at unusual length on the rascality of editors in general and of ourselves in particular, concluding by threatening us with dire penalties if we dared cast any vile imputations in his direction again, and informed us that he had quite enough work to do without having to explain away our blunders.

It has been brought to our notice that certain men employed in the Remount stable have been taking a Correspondence Course, on how to break horses and on rough riding. However, it would seem that Sgt. Campbell, M.M., the N.C.O. in charge of the Remounts, has gone

one better. From a reliable source we learn that this N.C.O. has become acquainted with a retired Pool Player and he now spends his spare time going into the mysteries of a game known as "Cow-Boy Pool," hoping, by the knowledge he gains to be able to put something over the others when the Remounts go into the Riding School.

Cpl. Hargreaves has been seen anxiously gazing at the river, grumbling at the amount of ice still there and the unusually long winter. Cheer up "Bill" we anticipate two months of fine weather anyway.

Pte. Cataford, in a letter thanking us for the many flowery compliments showered on him in our last issue, desires to inform his numerous admirers, that, if they would like his photograph, he will be only too pleased to forward the same. He is always to be found at the Hospital.

Lt. Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O., officer commanding R.C.D., inspected "A" Sqn. R.C.D., last week.

Personal & Regimental

OUR WARTIME ASSOCIATES.

The 1st Royals have moved from Hounslow to Aldershot.

Sgt. "Paddy" Jones, D.C.M., M.M., is now with R.C.M.P. riding school at Regina. There should be some good horsemen in the R. C. M. P.

Walter Squires, Ottawa, one of the original members of "C" Sqn., called to see us a short time ago.

Ex-Sgt. "Bill" Doxey is now Regtl. Sgt. Major in the P.L.D.G., Ottawa.

Sgt. "Ben" Ellis of "B" Sqn. is now a S/Sgt. in the Corps of Military Staff Clerks, at the Records Office, Ottawa.

We received a surprise visit last week from Lt.-Col. Reverend J. A. Fortier, O.M.I., who was attached to the 1st Canadian Cavalry Brigade as Padre during the war. He now resides at 725 Merrimack St., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

The Rev. Gentleman was travelling from St. John, N.B., to the U.S.A., and having a few minutes to wait for train connections while passing through, he called to see his old comrades.

He looks very fit and has not changed very much since he received his first Baptism of fire with the R.C.D. in France. The padre was always ready to lend a hand at anything, while with us he acted for a time as Transport Officer and also looked after the

interests of the Officers' mess. He was always right up in the front line tending the casualties and at Festubert 1915, he rendered very valuable assistance to the M.O. in evacuating the wounded. He was loved and revered by all ranks. In his younger days he was a noted athlete. He played rugby for the Ottawa University, and afterwards acted as coach for his Alma Mater. During this period Ottawa University was represented in the Senior Intercollegiate Rugby Association.

The following are the names and addresses of old members received in this office since the last issue:—

W. J. Maxwell is a Lieut. at No. 8 Fire Station, Ottawa.

J. Albert, of "B" Sqn., is Lieut. at No. 11 Fire Station, Ottawa.

W. Berry, ex-Cpl. "A" Sqn., is at No. 10 Fire Station, Ottawa.

Gordon "Nipper" Myles is with the Studebaker Corp., Toronto.

Charles "Happy" Harrison, c/o Canadian Packing Co., Peterboro, Ont.

Charles Godman, c/o Ontario Hospital, London, Ont.

ANNUAL REUNION DINNER OF THE OFFICERS OF R. C. D.

The annual reunion dinner of the Officers, past and present, of the Regiment was held at Stanley Barracks, Toronto, on April 6th, 1923. The following were present:—Major General F. L. Lessard, C.B.; Lt. Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O., The R.C.D.; Lt. Col. R. Rhodes, D.S.O., M.C., The R.C.D.; Lt. Col. W. H. Bell, D.S.O., The R.C.D.; Lt. Col. T. R. Newcomen, M.C., The R.C.D.; Col. W. Hall, late R.C.A.V.C.; Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Major E. A. Hetherington, Major H. Stethem, Major E. A. Steer, M.C., Major Baty, Major F. Sawyers, M.C., Major J. Widgery, Capt. Wilkes, Capt. Cochrane, M.C., Capt. Leblanc, Capt. A. E. Jarvis, M.C., Capt. J. McBrien, Capt. Crearer, Capt. Medhurst, Capt. J. A. James, all of R.C.D.; Capt. Blake, R.C.E.; Capt. G. Berteau, Capt. J. Wood, Lieut. F. Warren, Lieut. H. Warren, Lieut. Wardrope, Lieut. Allen Case, Lieut. Fred Johnson, Lieut. Saunders, Lieut. Myles, Lieut. Chadwick, all of R.C.D.

After dinner was over, speeches became the order of the day. Lt. Col. F. Gilman, D.S.O., voiced the opinion of all present in expressing pleasure at having our Honorary Colonel, Major Gen. F. L. Lessard, C.B., with us. After a few remarks regarding the reunion and absent friends, he proposed a toast to the health of our Honorary Colonel.

Major Gen. Lessard, rising to

reply was greeted by all with the greatest enthusiasm. The General's reply was one to be long remembered by those who were present. He dwelt briefly on the history of the Regiment and its various stations, referring to some of the older members, most of whom have now gone "beyond." He referred especially to one present, "Jim Widgery," who is probably the oldest living member of the Regiment, he having joined three days after the Regiment was organized in Jan. 1884.

The General related the story of the origin of the Regimental Badge, the Springbok, which by the way, did not tally at all with that told by the Editor of "The Goat" in the March issue.

A toast to Absent Friends, was replied to by Lt. Col. Walker Bell, who read a number of letters and telegrams from those unable to attend. The regrets of "Bill Blue" caused quite a furore, including the singing of that little ditty, "I sit all day and I sit all night, and it's very seldom that I get tight," etc. A telegram from the Sergeants' Mess, "A" Squadron, R.C.D., was read and brought forth great applause. Next followed a toast to those officers of the Regiment who had laid down their lives in the recent war; this toast was drunk standing and in silence.

Major Timmis after a few well chosen remarks (which included a reference to "The Goat") proposed a toast to the Sister Squadron. Major Stethem replied briefly, expressing the regret of those officers of "A" Squadron, who were unable to attend.

Lt. Col. Gilman, after a few remarks, proposed a toast to the old "C" Squadron. Lt. Col. Newcomen replied and concluded his remarks by proposing a toast to the Regiment.

Lt. Col. Gilman then proposed a toast to the "Old Depot Squadron," and after a few remarks called on Major Hetherington to reply, which he did.

Col. Hall, late R.C.A.V.C., divided the honours with Major Widgery in replying to a toast to the original members of the Regiment.

Lieut. Chadwick, the junior Sub., was then called upon to justify his existence, which he did in a manner worthy of the best. A toast was then proposed to the "other branches of the service" and was replied to by Capt. Blake, R.C.E.

After this the floor was open to all, and many and varied were the speeches, interspersed with songs, with Charlie Musgrave at the piano. When some of the quieter element had left the Mess Room, one of the officers, who shall remain nameless, gave an exhibition of a hundred yards dash

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a fire, and then all one has to do is add a little more wood and coal, and away it goes again.

Yours fraternally,
Pte. Cinders.

An still they come—

The Hospital, St. Johns, P.Q.
Dear Benefactor,—

It is easy to see that the fact of my taking up your course was one of fortunes moves, for we have recently received the finest bunch of wild remounts you ever saw. On the first parade after their arrival I was detailed by the S.M. to the remount stable, and by the titlers and grins of the others on parade, it was easy to see that my promotion was envied. If they had only known that the selection of myself was due to your training, they would not hesitate to take your course. The mere fact of my spending a few days in the Station Hospital at present, is only due to one of the said remounts mistaking me for a feed tin, which only goes to prove how easy one can fool a horse, if he know how, an art that can only be accomplished by taking your Course. Thanking you,

Respectfully yours,
Pte. Girthgall.

I have thousands of others which you can read if you wish.

Now is your chance.

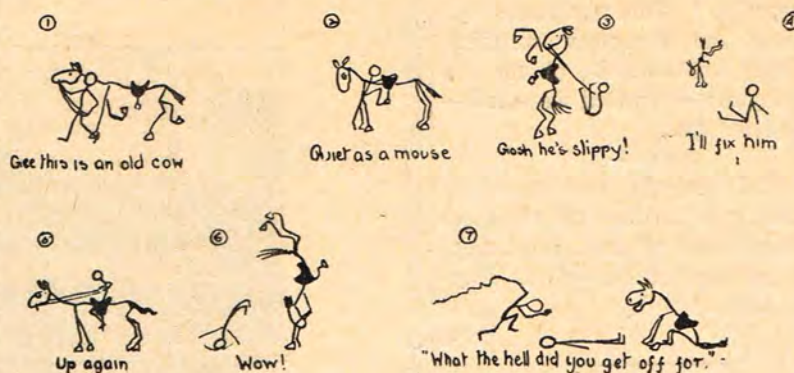
Do not delay. The reduction of establishment may come to you at any time. Delays are dangerous, and all the good jobs will be taken. Why shouldn't you have one of the good jobs?

Write me at once.

We regret to learn that recently a French transport, laden with troops going on leave, was blown up in mid-ocean, due to the fact that vermin of the large type, got to some ammunition, thereby causing an explosion, and about 150 casualties. **Moral.**—Don't keep rabbits in the administration building's cellar, where the ammunition is kept, as these animals' eggs are liable to explode, and cause unnecessary loss of life.

N. I. B.

In the Riding School.



Why do certain members of the Squadron inflict agonies upon us by telling us how they can ride or how they used to ride years ago. Before the war.

Quite Right.

The other afternoon whilst the educational class was being asked a few questions in history, Cpl. Brown (not Green) seemed to have great difficulty in keeping his eyes. Perhaps his condition was exertions to make his jumps that morn- noticed the

overlook this nocturnal serenade as our friend with the "Two dirty little hands" must have his sleep in the day time.

At the Main Gate—

Captain (in mufti): "Come on sentry, open the gate." The sentry does so and the Captain says, "Why the devil do you let civilians through here?" Sentry: "I knew you were an officer, Sir." C. in C.: "How the devil did you know that?" Sentry: "By your manner, Sir."

ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.

At a smoking concert, on the night of March 17th, the members and honorary members of the Sergeants' Mess "wetted the Shamrock" in the approved style. The committee, Sgts. Snape, O'Donnel and Hannaghan, are to be congratulated for securing the services of a number of talented Artists, who held the audience enthralled throughout the evening. Q.M.S.I. D... ..

out of those they had been killing off recently." One was reminded, watching the company wending their way home-wards, of the old Irish slogan:—"United we stand—Divided we fall."

A good song is perhaps more completely a unifier of all sorts and conditions of men than anything in the world.—Prof. Raymond Alden.

WIND UP AT RATION FARM.

We all know that part of the line in front of Messines Ridge was the home of the Cavalry Brigade, for quite a while in 1915. We constructed Nelles' Wall, Seely's Walk, Strathearn Avenue, King Edward and a few more, including the... ..



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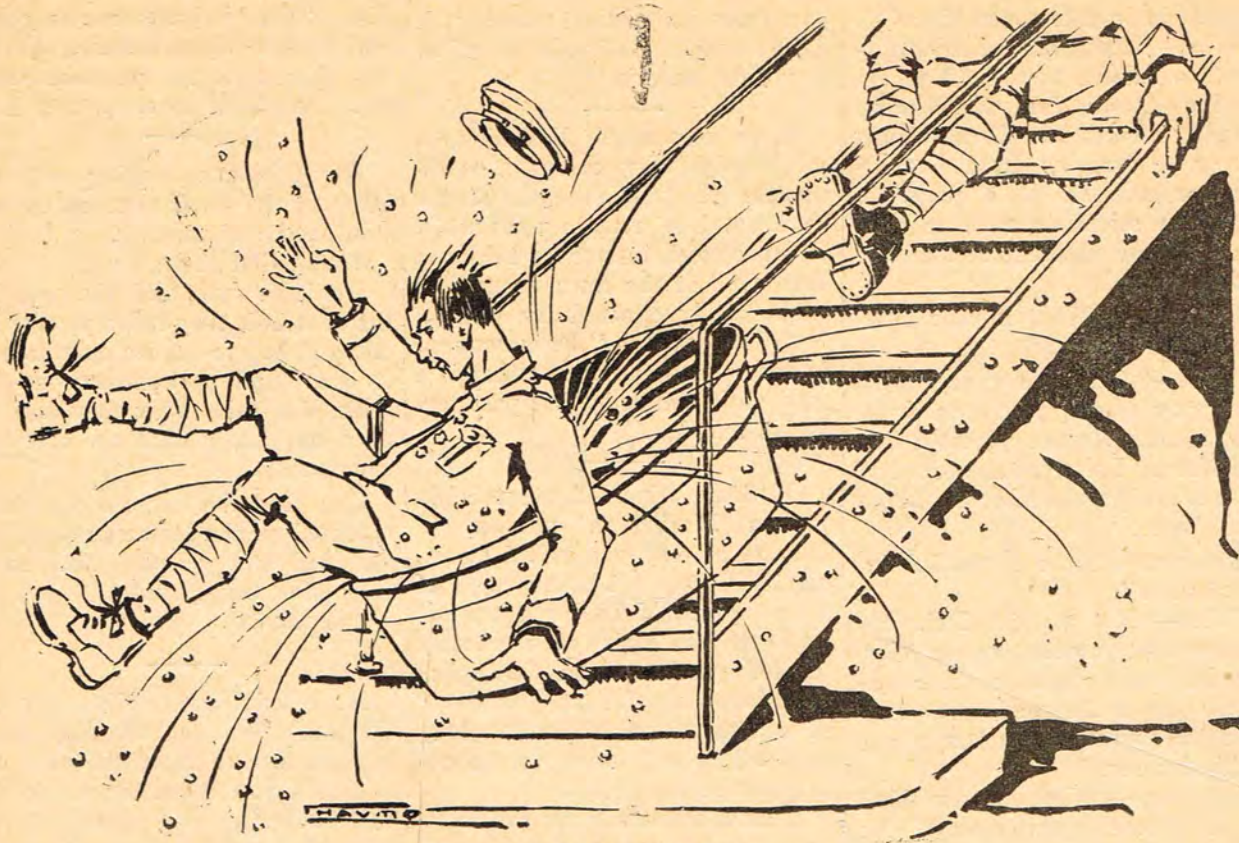
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left, but you cannot go through here, go back, until you get into the support trench, and you cannot miss some of your chaps.' I went back along the support trench and after a while saw a party working on top of the trench; I could see a sentry, and by the light of a half-moon he looked like a Jerry; he had his hat turned about and his rifle slung on his shoulder. I was trembling all over, where the H.... was I? had I run into a Fritz working party, I was going to get shot. I drew my trusty revolver, made in 1871, and was just going to fire, when Sgt. H. shouted, come on you—!!!?XX!!! when are you going to do something? I shouted to the sentry, who I was, and got on top of the trench, immediately behind the old willow trees, from them I got my direction and ran across the open to 135. I reached the corner of the communication trench and the front line. The sentry at the corner must have heard my breathing for he was ready for me. I jumped, I felt something, a cold sweat ran down my back: the sentry had

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**"The Voice from the
Minaret."**

May 15th and 16th.

For further information Phone 20

A CHAT WITH CLEOPATRA.

As a result of the remarkable invention by Dr. Hoggensheimer, whereby we mortals are enabled to communicate with those who have crossed the "Great Divide," "The Goat" after securing the sole rights, arranged to interview various notable personages who have departed from this "Vale of Tears."

We cannot describe this invention fully as our foreign rivals always steal the fruits of the inventors brains; but sufficient to say that our reported sends a ray through illimitable space from a certain apparatus to the person he is seeking, and this person and our reporter are able to converse by means of the ray.

We had a wonderful field from which to choose the subject for our first interview. We wanted someone who would interest the reading public, so we chose the originator of the Cinema Vamp, "Cleopatra."

We publish, for the first time in the history of the World, an interview with a personage defunct

of great interest to our readers."

Voice—"I suppose the old Egyptian Civilization must hold an absorbing interest for you Western people, nevertheless I can't help trying to imagine Lord Carnarvon's sensations, if a party of Egyptian scientists were to visit England and ransack the tombs of his ancestors."

Reporter—"What is your opinion of our sports?"

Voice—"I admire your sportsmen very much; you even outdo the ancient Roman gladiators in the arena. I was present in spirit, at that hockey match at the Montreal Arena."

Reporter—"Does Mussolini interest you?"

Voice—"Not a great deal. He is at present an unknown quantity, but while not appearing so mock-heroic as D'Annunzio, he may eventually prove of much more use to his country."

Reporter—"What do you think of the French occupation of the Ruhr?"

Voice—"This is a dispute about which both parties can trot out a

bay from his ancient steed, "he didn't even shy at railways when they first came in."

There was much discussion in an English city recently as to whether the public houses should be allowed to remain open until eleven o'clock instead of half-past ten. One of the town councillors emphatically opposed the change.

"Wot I says is," he announced in the council chamber, "that if a man ain't drunk by 'alf-past ten, he ain't trying."

Of Same Mind.—A stout Irishwoman bearing a number of bundles entered a crowded street-car in Chicago. The only sign of a seat she could find was a small space at the right of a smartly dressed youth. Into this space sufficient only for an individual of ordinary size, the stout lady squeezed herself, much to the annoyance of the youth.

After a moment or so the Irishwoman produced a cheese sandwich, which she proceeded to devour with every evidence of relish.

him. "Our pyjamas are so cosy, and of such sleep inducing qualities that even the salesman who sells them goes to sleep over it."

An Irishman coming out of ether in the ward after an operation exclaimed audibly.

Thank God that's over.

Don't be sure, said the man in the next bed, they left a sponge in me, and had to cut me open to get it out. And the patient on the other side said, Why they had to open me, too, to find one of their instruments.

Just then the surgeon who had operated on the Irishman stuck in his head and yelled. Has anybody seen my glove?

Pat fainted.

Everybody knows the story of the three Scotsmen who happened to take shelter from the rain in a church just when the collection was occurring and one of them pretended to faint while the other two carried him out. Here's a story about a bartender and his friend who went to church one Sunday—bartenders do go to church sometimes. This particular bartender thought he was putting a quarter on the plate and found just as church let out that he had put on a five dollar gold piece.

"Well, all you have to do is to go round and see the parson," his friend said, "He's a broad-minded man and he'll be glad to give it you back."

"No, no," the bartender replied, "I gave it to the Lord, to hell with it."

Some time ago a school inspector was examining a class of boys in a small school in the rural districts and asked the following question:

Can any of you boys tell me who wrote Hamlet?

Nobody spoke for some time and at last one little fellow put out his hand and said: Please sir, it wasn't me.

As the Inspector had been invited to dinner that evening by the Squire of that part of the country, he thought this was a

eat big
will brought
to the eyes of all;
anizer remarking, "Yes
thirty remounts are too
ny." Sgt. Langley sang "The
Old Dun Cow," and said after-
wards that 'he wished he were in
Brown's place.' Mr. Henry Allen
entertained the company in his
own inimitable manner, and Mr.
Mattie Ford's "How Paddy stole
the Rope" left nothing to be de-
sired. After Tommy Howe had
mercifully stopped singing "The
laddies who fought and won," he
was asked by an honorary member
ife he were an Irishman, Tommy
replied,—"No, I'm one of those
who would like to be" (?) Sgt.
O'Donnell's recitation was excel-
lent though short, but S/Sgt.
Mauchan's "Durrah ma du" made
up for it.

S.S.M. Smith's murdering of
"The Dear Little Shamrock" ac-
counts for the heading of this
article. Sgt. Morris was then as-

na Av-
Terrace,
re nice streets, in-
the one leading to Stink
arm. It was a nice place to pull
off stunts, such as trying to catch
"Jerry" asleep, especially when
General Seely's Battery galloped
down the road with all the tin cans
trailing on behind, and, loud cheers
were heard from the Ridge. One
night I was sent down from No.
136 to go to Ration Farm for some
flares and rockets, those funny
things we often used, they went
off with a bang and nearly broke
your arm in pulling the trigger,
and then you could see nothing in
front of you. Nothing occurred
until I got to Ration Farm; there
I was told the flares and rockets
had gone up with the rations.
There was nothing to do but wend
my way back. I took the longest
way around, safety first, trench.
I was fed up at the thought of hav-
ing that long walk for nothing. It
was about the time the old man
used to plough around St. Quentin
Farm. I had just got to the end
of King Edward's Horse Terrace
when—whiz—something flew by
my ear. I ducked. I laid there
ten minutes, it seemed an hour,
then I got up and ran. I met the
Brigade Major; he asked me what
was the matter, I could not speak;
then another one went by and we
both ducked. He said something
about a sniper; I ran, I wanted to
get to my dug-out in 136; my
whole past flashed through my
mind; where should I go if I got
hit? I ran into two men of the
10th Bn. who were going up. I
thought of the old rhyme—"Two
is company, three is not," in this
case three was a God-send. I went
up with them, everything went well
until we got into their front line;
one of their officers, seeing a
Dragoon, asked 'what the d—I
are you doing here?' I said,
'safety first sir.' He replied,
'you had better get to H—I out
of this, your Regiment is on our

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Can you imagine "Our Circus Rider" whistling, "Where do we go from here boys," or "I may be gone for a long, long time," as he gracefully (?) tries to soar from the east end to the west end of the riding school, by the "shortest possible route."

THE LAST POST.

horse take the j...
ing. The instructor ne...
gallant Cpl's inattention and sta...
led him with the question, "Who
was the wife of Robert Bruce?"
To the everlasting credit of the
Cpl. is the fact that he never even
hesitated, he answered promptly,
"Please Sir, Mrs. Bruce."

Sgt. Hopkinson: "Reins over!"

Attached Officer: "Je suis
joyeux d'entendre, j'ai oublie mon
impermeable cet après-midi."

high as possible; on the command
two, place the left foot beside the
right, and don't let me see a
blighter move until I give the word
three."

When our Veterinary N.C.O.
was being examined by the M. O.,
a coughing spell got the better of
him.

"You've got a bad cough, my
lad," remarked the M. O.

"Yes, Sir," replied Dan, "and
there's many a dead man would
be glad to have it."

Rodney says he is very fond of
Goldsmith's poem, the "Deserted
Village." Particularly the lines:
"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry
all he knew."

Also:

"Altho vanquished he could argue
still."

Overheard in the 3rd troop
Room:—

1st Tommy: "What's the time,
Buddy?"

2nd Tommy: "Don't know, I
can't see the clock, but it must be
10.30, Ben's going over."

We know that "Carolina in the
Morning" is a very nice song, but
why sing it at bed time. We will

ates we...
On the clerk...
son for this differ...
"The \$1.00 rooms have...
in them."

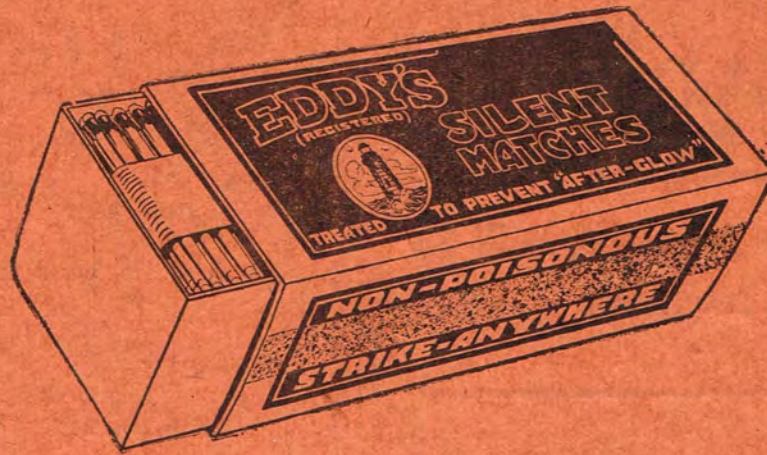
A small sweepstake was organ-
ized in the Canteen, in connection
with the Grand National. When
the draw was posted one of the
men interested was looking at the
list; he suddenly made a discov-
ery. "Why!" he exclaimed, "the
same horse has been drawn twice."
"What horse is that?" asked an-
other. "Its name is 'Blank,'" re-
plied the one who had made the
discovery.

Another, looking at the same
list saw that a horse named
"Martes" had been struck off.
"Why!" he said, "that horse has
been scratched. "Well," said an-
other, "a scratch will not prevent
him from running."



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